

## **This Year I Mean it**

A new year's day of rain and cold  
A head of sludge and weak regret  
The next twelve months will soon unfold  
A bright new goal to set

I'll cut the booze and switch to tea  
No cocktails, fizzy, beer or gin  
A flint-cold Chablis not for me  
I'll never drink again

I'll run each day, a mile at least  
And stretch before the weights I lift  
A daily swim to make me slim  
The pool a nearby gift

A strict new diet, pure and good  
Just protein, grilled, and salad, fresh  
No sugar, fat, no processed food  
To mortify my flesh

More books, more words, more early nights  
Less TV, scrolling, mindless junk  
A novel, done, my name in lights  
If not this year, I'm sunk.